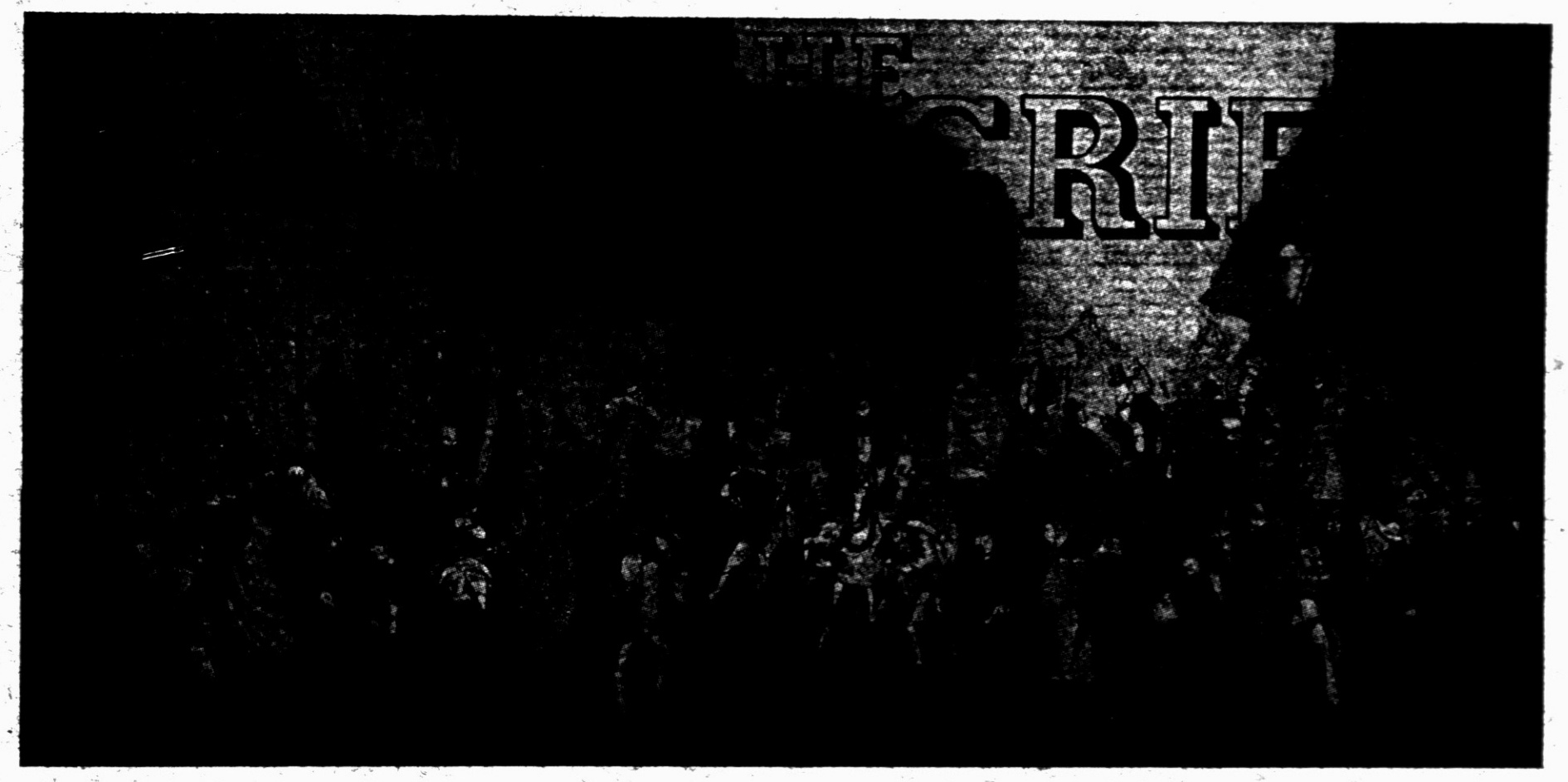

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VOLUME II

THE TOWN CRIER

NUMBER 7

[FORMERLY THE VILLAGER]
Established
March 1933

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"The Story of the Cowboy" by JACK DALTON
An article on Money by AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND
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Editor's Quill

WITH THE passing of Memorial Day the *Town Crier* wonders what is likely to occur between now and the time another such day arrives. Speeches have been made, the last wreath laid by a veteran of the Civil War, tin helmeted Legionnaires have put away their panoply, and, for a time at least, "taps" will re-echo but faintly in the ears of us all.

¶ But does this all mean anything? Our dead are honored, yes. And the ache in many a mother's heart has probably been re-awakened, and surely a stirring of patriotism has been engendered in the breasts of those we plan to kill.

¶ Those small fry, the little tads who now are beating on tin pans and pointing wooden guns at each other—when do they die? Will it be long? Has the world grown enough of a crop for another killing before next Memorial Day, or will the War Lords wait?

THIS first issue is offered in hope that all who read may realize that there is neither fear nor favor, parties nor partisanship, in these columns. While the *Town Crier* doesn't believe in mottoes, the remark attributed to Voltaire, "I may not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it" has an appeal for him. He welcomes controversy, thrives on argument, and will always, to the best of his ability, endeavor to be fair. This does not mean any "sitting on the fence" whatsoever. When the time comes, and an issue presents itself, the *Town Crier* will be heard. He assures you of that, and hopes that you will listen, even if you don't care to agree. Until he must needs cry havoc to you, let him be your friend.

IT OCCURS to the *Town Crier* that there is at least one politician safe from the probable deluge of calumny that is supposed to entertain voters this coming election year. One politician who, from all indications, would have been a target for many a rock concealed in a mud pie. A man who, for all his faults, died courageously, and after a gallant fight. Sunny Jim.

It is with a feeling of regret for his family, but a certain knowledge that he himself, looking on as he probably is from some unknown port, realizes that he is better off. So he smiles, gallantly.

—THE EDITOR

❀ ❀

THE ROMANCE OF HUMPTY-DUMPTY

When Humpty first met little Alice,
Humpty thought of Wonderland,
Thought of all the glorious palace
He might build of sticks and sand.

"Sticks and sand, indeed!" said Alice,
"I want solid walls and stone,"
Solid walls . . . and stone . . . and Alice,
Munching on another scone.

"Munching scones," thought Humpty, sadly,
"Sometimes makes girls rather stout.
Possibly, I'll look about
A little longer."

. . . A little longer.
Munching. Scones. Girls. Stout.
Humpty, free . . .
Ho, hum!
Not sadly.

—JOSHUA SHAMBLE

Letters to the Editor

To the *Town Crier*:

It was a column written by a very young observer just beginning to study the theories of his elders and setting down his observations before he has come to the time of matured decision, or of a crabbed elder who has had a hard row to hoe in life and has not looked beyond the horizon of his own row and the direct influences upon it and him; and those influences have not been kind. He has not the broad view of either the historian or of the philosopher as he looks at the world's progress, nor the true analysis of the keen or trained observer.

¶ Thus in his own mind he has confused inextricably the precepts of Christ Himself with the inconsistent preachings of various dogmatic exponents, often of little real understanding themselves. And he is confused further by attempting to conform the daily practises of many men he knows with the professed beliefs of the churches they attend on Sunday.

¶ He can not know Christianity if, as he says, he has only "tried it as prescribed by others." He must understand to the best of his own study the philosophy as given by Christ Himself, he must *believe* that that is the best philosophy with which to face life's problems, and then he must *try* to guide his own life accordingly. Then, only, may he know for himself whereof he writes. Then he will find that "truth is truth, and evermore shall be, oh!" It is the same and unalterable truth that his engineering facts are built on.

¶ He is right in that we do not see people live up to the Golden

Continued on page six

News of the Hamlet

Suit for $76,000 was filed against the Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Clinic last Friday in the Monterey Superior Court by Mrs. Betty Kocher of Carmel. Dr. Edwin F. Kehr and Charles Marsden, heads of the X-ray department, were also named as defendants.

¶ Mrs. Kocher alleges she sustained burns as a result of the X-ray operators' failure to insert filters necessary to prevent injurious rays from reaching her while receiving treatment.

¶ The suit asks for $75,000 for personal injuries and $1,000 to cover expense of plastic surgery declared necessary because of the burns.

❀ ❀

Action is now under way to apply for a separate charter to be known as the Carmel Post of the American Legion. A great many of the members of Monterey Peninsula Post No. 41 live in and about the village—enough to warrant a local post, so they assert. Among those active in the plan are Don Hale, Jim Regan, Floyd Mangrum and William Deems.

❀ ❀

Miss Edwina Pinkham of Los Gatos and formerly of Carmel, was married to Charles Winston Young also of Los Gatos, last Friday. The marriage took place in Los Gatos. Mrs. Young is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Pinkham.

¶ After spending more than a year in Carmel the Pinkham family was forced to move to Los Gatos a few months ago for the benefit of Mrs. Pinkham's health. The Pinkhams are from Kansas City where Mr. Pinkham holds an interest in the Kansas City *Star*.

❀ ❀

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6:
- Regular meeting Carmel City Council, City Hall, 8:15 p.m.
- Poster and Photograph Exhibit, 25 years of the Forest Theater, Seven Arts Gallery, Daily.
- Carmel Theatre, "Long Lost Father," John Barrymore.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7:
- Travel Lecture "Galapagos," George E. Stone, Denny-Watrous Gallery, 8:30 p.m.
- Garden Pilgrimage to Monterey, Garden Section Carmel Woman's Club. Meet at Mission and Ocean Ave. at 9:50 a.m.
- Carmel Theatre, same as Wed.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8:
- Drama "A Widow in Green," Monterey High School Students, Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
- General Meeting Carmel Art Association, Art Gallery, 4 p.m.
- Lecture, "The New Civilization," Mme. Barry-Orlova, at Pacific Grove High School, 8 p.m.
- Carmel Theatre, "Right to Romance," Ann Harding.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9:
- Carmel Art Gallery. Open every afternoon 2 to 4. Water color exhibition.
- Barn Dance, Old Monterey Polo Club.
- Carmel Theatre, "Looking for Trouble," Spencer Tracy.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10:
- Monterey Peninsula Orchestra Concert, Forest Theater, 2 p.m.
- Carmel Theatre, "Stand Up and Cheer," Warner Baxter.

MONDAY, JUNE 11:
- Play Reading, Pine Inn, 8 p.m.
- Carmel Theatre, same as Sun.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12:
- Carmel Pistol Club, Ocean and Mission Clubroom, 8 p.m.
- Carmel Theatre, "Merry Wives of Reno," Glenda Farrell.

Poetry

THE HIKER

Broad roads, narrow roads—roads that twist and twine,
Winding like a ribbon through the gorse and pine;
Up hill, down dale, by the lonely sea,
Little paths of heart's delight calling to me.

Summer days, sunny rays, and freshness in the air,
Murmuring of streamlets, greenness everywhere.
Posies in the meadows—birdies in the trees,
Buttercups and daisies—woodland melodies.

Dry days, wet days—days when lambkins played
Over all the smiling land—mound and moor and glade.
Piping of the blackbird, drone of homing bee,
Wren and robin redbreast trilling on the lea.

Wanderlust's a heritage—rain and wind and shine,
Byways and highways ever shall be mine;
Up hill, down dale, by moor and mire and burn,
Where the heart holds festival wandering feet will return.

—PATRICK DUNNE, in the IRISH WEEKLY INDEPENDENT

❀ ❀

John W. Ruick, an employee of the Old Cabin Inn, was found dead on the floor of his Camino Real home last Tuesday evening by Police Chief August Englund, who had been sent to investigate when Ruick failed to report for work.

News of the World

Men must consent to be martied in Mexico.

¶ A woman recently wrote to the county clerk at Albuquerque the following:

"Is it possible that a lady may apply for a marriage license without the knowledge of the gentleman? Can a marriage ceremony be performed by the justice of the peace with the knowledge that the gentleman, due to intoxication, is unable to comprehend the nature of the ceremony?"

¶ In his reply the clerk stated that the man must be among those present when the license is applied for and that he must be at least partially sober when he is married.

❀ ❀

Settling the long controversy over the site of the birthplace of Stephen Collins Foster, composer of immortal plantation melodies and folklore classics, Henry Ford recently bought the house in which he believes Foster was born and is preparing to have it moved to his Greenfield Village of early American homes.

❀ ❀

Because the county has no money in sight to pay the election judges, and as it has not paid the costs of the 1932 elections, officials of Hillsdale County, Colorado, are reported to be worried over next Fall's elections.

¶ The county's financial difficulties are traceable to a railroad branch line abandonment, assessments on which, formerly, constituted the bulk of its revenue.

France will soon definitely withdraw from circulation the old copper coins which are still doing duty as big and little sou pieces.

¶ Many of the coins date back to the Third Empire and bear the inscription "French Empire," with the head of Napoleon on the reverse side.

❀ ❀

Continued from page four

Rule. We are all still evolving human nature, and all the people he or I know still have a long way to go before they reach the plane of self discipline that Christ reached.

¶ But looking back some thousands of years, we do see that human nature is slowly raising itself from the slough of selfishness and unrestrained vandalism in which we have our first glimpses of it, and moreover we see its rise most accentuated in the last two thousand years in those regions where Christianity has had greatest sway.

¶ And we do see around us that those people are doubtless the most contented, spiritually, who have most successfully endeavored to live according to Christ's light. And those nations have progressed further in the material, intellectual and spiritual things of life whose greater proportion of citizens have been the stronger professing, stronger practising, real Christians.

¶ And by Christians I mean followers of Christ's own teachings, not always self-professed "Christians" following highly modified versions of His own words.

¶ I dare even ask the Observer to look around Carmel, and to see if the men and women getting the finest spiritual values from life here and the ones giving the most to the enrichment of life in the community, are not the ones who are most closely, and actually, endeavoring to follow the Christian ideals?

¶ And I can say all this with a good grace, as I am not a practised Christian. I am a believing one. Would that I had the strength of character to be one all the time, as I am at contented odd minutes! But I believe that the philosophy of Christ as given by Himself—not always as expounded by His zealous disciples—is the best philosophy in the world, for the individual subjectively and for the mass, objectively. I believe that the individual following His teachings will lead the most joyful and achieving life, the most successful life. And I believe that the nation which is a democracy of Christians, believing in Christ's teachings and practising it unremittingly to the extent of their powers, will become the most contented, most successful of nations. —A. L.

❀ ❀

DEATH OVER MONTEREY

The roar of the surf off Monterey Bay
Crys heed to the fisherman not to stay
For Death lingers ever both night and day
Seeking ships that sail from Monterey Bay

Taking craft and men once sturdy as oak
Tearing life and limb in a monstrous joke
Tossing hulls on rocks until they're broke
Sending men to hell the fires to stoke

This the roar of the surf will tell
Warning the ships with a doleful knell
As the waves tug and toll the old buoy bell
And Death its clamour tries to quell

Ere the dawn of day on Monterey Bay
The old bell ever seems to say,
"Take heed or soon your wives will pray
As your bodies are found in Monterey Bay."

—CHARLES FONTANELLI

"Dangerous Corner" produced by the Carmel Community Players May 30 at the Denny-Watrous Gallery was one of the successes of this year's local theatre productions. The technicalities of the play were simply but well done. We question the advisability of raising the curtain before the lights are brought up since it was a distraction from the play itself.

¶ The tempo of the play was well directed and sustained. The actors worked together, all seeming to be certain of lines and actions. Gordon Davis' direction was very good on the whole. We were disturbed only by his Shakespearean method of placing his actors front center of the stage when a dramatic speech was to come.

¶ The most brilliant bit of work was done by Mrs. Paula Dougherty. The part was not sustained throughout the play but was handled most dramatically. Undoubtedly one of the outstanding character interpretations was given in this role. Dramatic also was Euel Labhard in his portrayal of *Gordon Whitehouse*. Mr. Labhard rushed his first act, but his second act was handled with great delicacy and understanding. On the whole *Gordon Whitehouse* was the second most interesting character. For an all-round sustained part the honors go to Byington Ford and his sympathetic playing of *Charles Stanton*. Mr. Ford's intelligent handling of the part made *Stanton* the ballast for the emotional scenes.

¶ The cast as a whole was well picked and had no weak members. The production came the nearest to being professional of any production we have yet seen on the peninsula. —J. L.

❀ ❀

The well-known educator, biologist and photographer, George E. Stone, will give a series of three illustrated lectures at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, beginning tomorrow evening. Mr. Stone always knows his subject thoroughly, and has the happy faculty of carrying his hearers along. When he concludes his lecture, we feel that the end has come all too soon.

¶ Mr. Stone is a pioneer in the field of visual education. In 1916 he produced the notable film, "How Life Begins." This was followed by "Malaria and the Mosquito," a film which was purchased by the Rockefeller Foundation. During the World War, Mr. Stone, with his film, addressed more than 50,000 soldiers.

¶ Tomorrow evening's lecture is entitled "To Galapagos We Will Go." The Galapagos group of volcanic islands, which Mr. Stone visited twice, is full of interest to the study of nature, and provides stimulating problems for a whole generation of naturalists. The lecture will be illustrated by many photographs.

❀ ❀

¶ During the third week of July, the Golden Bough Players will present for the first time on any stage, Martin Flavin's new play, "Sunday." The production will be directed by Edward Kuster, who has indicated a desire for hitherto undiscovered Peninsula talent, and will welcome applications and suggestions.

¶ "The Mother of Gregory," in the production of which the Golden Bough Players took first place in the unpublished division of the recent San Francisco tournament, will be performed at the Community Playhouse here during the last week-end in June. Two other short plays will be presented: Sudermann's famous "Fritzchen," and Maurice Baring's hilarious "Catherine Parr; or Alexander's Horse."

❀ ❀

The three unpublished plays by D. H. Lawrence, which recently caused so much comment, were discovered after his death in Heidelberg. One is a light comedy called "The Fight for Barbara," the first six pages being missing. The second is "Married Men," a story of life in the coal fields. The third, in an unfinished draft, is "The Daughter-in-Law."

¶ Leon M. Lion has the rights to the last and believes it to be the finer of the three. He has asked Richard Hughes, novelist and author of "The Innocent Voyager," to revise and complete the rough draft. This has been done, and the play will be shown soon with Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson in the chief roles.

¶ The three plays were discovered in an old box in an attic, and Mrs. Lawrence, who found them, had not known of their existence.

❀ ❀

Gordon Davis, director of the Community Players' recent show "Dangerous Corner," left last Sunday for Carmel, New York, where he will take up his duties as director, teacher of drama and actor at the Rockridge Theatre. The opening show there, which Mr. Davis will direct, is "Solid South" by Richard Bennett.

❀ ❀

"Did you hear the latest about the famous film star?"

"No, what is it?"

"Her secretary didn't keep the records straight and now she finds she has had two more divorces than she has had weddings."

Book Reviews

Lit'ry Jottings

Are you one of those people who so love your own state, of birth or adoption, that you are a keen collector of its literature? For your own permanent shelves, or to bring from the Library when eastern visitors arrive? Do you want to know of every worthwhile volume about it that has ever appeared? From "Memoirs of Spanish Padres" to Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "Old San Francisco," and that very recent and utterly alluring volume, "San Francisco Pageant" by Charles C. Dobie.

¶ Suppose we all contribute to a "Know your California Literature" column! So that if we keep its numbers and file them away, we shall some day have a complete bibliography of California. Only, that sentence sounds too dry and academic! California writing to me has so much of the beauty, the spontaneity, the humor, the variety of the great area itself, that I want always to regard it with the warmth of affection one has for the most cherished members of one's family.

¶ The old Spanish writers, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, Clarence and Starr King, Charles Dana, John Muir and Joaquin Miller, Gertrude Atherton and Kate Douglas Wiggin, Joseph LeConte and David Starr Jordan—what galaxies are unveiled to one's view as memory considers them. And what fun they are to dig out and re-read, or how charged with sentimental reminiscence.

¶ So well I remember the thrill I got from reading my first novel. I wonder if it were my mother's first, too, and that that was why she let it fall into my hands so early! Was it your first, also? Or one of your earliest? "Ramona." By a woman with a lovely name, Helen Hunt Jackson, who was a lovely woman also, says tradition. ¶ It has been much slighted in recent decades, has "Ramona." Even traduced. But I want to get it out and read it again. I think I could still get the thrill of utter loveliness that some of its chapters gave. And I wonder if I could catch again the unspeakable poignancy of unnecessary tragedy that it first brought to my understanding. Tragedies I had read earlier—some of Shakespeare's, at least. And school translations from the Greek and Roman. But "Ramona" first brought to me the realization that all but unbearable tragedy might be in the daily lives of those about us, might be so interwoven with beauty and joy as to make a recognizable pattern in a life.

¶ How much one might be commander of one's own fate, and also how utterly helpless one might be against relentless influences that impersonally controlled one's destiny, were both forever etched upon my consciousness during the hours I was buried in those pages.

¶ And so much that was California, inseparably California, was first impressed upon me then. I still seldom see artichokes bending upon their stalks that I do not also see a picture of tearful *Margarita* finding the torn altarcloth, blown upon their inhospitable leafage.

¶ I seldom drive past an isolated mission that I do not see the lives led by the docile Indian converts in its shadow, as *Ramona's* and *Alessandro's* during their happy years at San Pasquale. And stories of the life in the Haciendas still center in my vision around the patio of *Senora Moreno*.

¶ Only a hundred years back to that apparent simplicity! And yet, as we unravel the threads of their individual lives, we find they were motivated much as are ours in our supposedly complex civilization. Our emotions, our intellectual and material needs, differ little from theirs. And the *real* California was the same, then as today. —M.H.

❀ ❀

The California Palace of the Legion of Honor has announced that the Louvre Museum of Paris will lend eleven paintings to them as part of the French exhibition which will open about June 8 and continue until October. This will be the second time in history that the Louvre has loaned pictures for outside exhibition. These paintings will not be shown elsewhere in the United States. The first loan ever made by the Louvre was the exhibition in the United States of Whistler's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother" last year. That time, however, the painting was shown in several cities. This is the portrait made "famous" by the Mother's Day stamp, although it was thought necessary to add a bowl of flowers to embellish the subject.

¶ The exhibition will include some 200 pictures which come from many art firms in Chicago, New York, and Detroit. Some of the French pictures are "The Bearing of the Cross" from the school of Avignon, a portrait of King Henry II, which formerly was in the collection of Louis XIV; "The Abduction of Rebecca," by Eugene Delacroix, and "The Fugitive Deer," by Gustave Courbet.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Jo Davidson, wife of the well known sculptor, died on Saturday, May 12, in New York. The Jo Davidsons had just finished a visit here and were returning to their home in Paris when Mrs. Davidson succumbed to a cerebral hemorrhage. Two sons survive, as well as Mrs. Davidson's mother, Mme. de Kerstraet, a resident of France.

Ye Apothecary

After Big Ben chimeth ye hour ye sixth time at eventide and thus telleth ye knell o' parting day, and one hath compassed one's victuals and quaffed ye ultimate flagon o' brown mulled ale ere ye Grace After Meals, then forthwith doth naught so befit one as right merry entertainment.

¶ In ye quondam days ere ye depression, truly were he destitute, be he artisan or artist or yeoman or scrivener or lackey, whom did beguileth not ye idle night at ye publick oscillating puppet palace, commonly yclept "ye oscillaties," or at ye townhalle whereat ye minstrel or ye minnesinger or ye mummer or ye dithering zitherer oft did rejoice ye audience with divertisment.

¶ Eke on ye Sabbath postnoon erstwhile did many o' Ca(r)melot's flower o' chivalry, and, yea! e'en ye varlets, awaken ye palfries at ye livery menage and give unto ye equerries guerdons o' siller for ye hire thereof, and then betimes gayly canter thither and yon o'er argent sands o' beaches, ye while ye picnickers thereat, whom wouldst partake o' dainty collations, ever and anon wouldst protest full sore 'gainst ye chargers undoing ye dune's loveliness. Thus in ye good olde days when ye purse strings did slippeth easily, couldst ye artist and ye artisan in diverse fashions divert themselves whilst not atoiling.

¶ Sith then, for ye nonce, albeit ye good times be mayhap around ye well known corner, perforce some o' us must needs forego ye lavish outlay on blithe entertainment. And yet methinketh t'were easy to bear ye fardels o' such deprivations by substituting therefor ye amusement to be gleaned at ye lokal apothecary shoppe. There in sooth doth ye high holde converse with ye low. There, certes, at ye cost o' postage stamp or small coin dropped into ye semiphore slot—Nay! at no cost to ye penurious—may ye burgher partake o' Arabian Nights entertainment, by harkening unto ye wayfaring mummer thereat whom reciteth from ye lines o' yesteryear's hits; and ye tayles o' jousts bespoken by ye lokal master o' fisticuffs; and ye robust Rabelaisian jests which ye ribald squires errant doth quote betwixt jaunts o' searching for ye holy gruel; and ye talk o' sundry patrons anent ye manners and ye customs o' ye itinerant guests whom tired o' scurrying amidst ye human insects in ye big citty bailiwick doth caparison themselves amazing strange and sojourn in ye village o' Ca(r)melot By Ye Ocean.

¶ And ofttimes, from among ye confusion o' crucibles and retorts and herbs and elixers and ye smithy brothers' cough lozengers doth emerge ye apothecary himself to utter ye merry quip and augment ye town crier's gossip with ye latest chronicles anent ye lokal politicks and unfold tayles o' ye playactors o' ye days days agone and exchange badinage with ye lokal wags, wherefore all Sir Knights and faire damosels whom doth tarry thereat may be right gay. Verily ye apothecary hath ye gift o' improvisation, to wit:

¶ Following ye feast o' Michaelmass, came into ye shoppe one burgher so distended from regaling himself as to require surcease from ye misery thereat.

¶ Saith ye burgher: "I wouldst fain require ye leech or ye lancet."

¶ "Nay!" quoth ye apothecary. "Taketh two yeast-foam tablets and anon, if not anoner, disappeareth ye bellie ake."

¶ "Meseemeth in abysmal ignorance anent ye yeast foam. Impart me lore on't," uttereth ye ailing burgher.

¶ Whereupon spake ye apothecary:

"Ye East is East and ye West is West
And never ye twain shall meeteth.
But ye yeast is yeast and doth digest
Comestibles which men eateth;
It cureth all akes from ye head to ye feet
And, if taken timely, thinneth
Ye distended girth and maketh breeches meet
Down where the vest beginneth."

¶ Whereupon ye burgher droppeth weak onto ye floor, and ye apothecary did pour ye entire phial o' ye yeast foam tablets into ye burgher's gaping mouth, ye which yeasty tablets anon reaching ye maw verily did cause ye burgher to RISE.

MOT SENEIHT

❀ ❀

To the TOWN CRIER:

Rob Wagner suggests that I send you some of our E.P.I.C. material, and this of course I am very glad to do. If you would like me to write a little article about our Plan specially for your paper, I will do it. Tell me if you would rather have an explanation of the Plan, or news about how it is going. In what I am sending you now, I will include a copy of the last issue of our paper, and you will see the news in that.

Sincerely,
UPTON SINCLAIR

❀ ❀

During the next few days tryouts for place in the a capella chorus, to be conducted by Michel Penha, will be held. Anyone interested in learning this style of singing will please leave his name and address at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. There will be weekly rehearsals under the direction of Mr. Penha.

TORO ROAD

A favorite road—it winds up through oak-studded canyons, across grassy fields, until it goes smack over the top of a mountain—Toro to be exact.

¶ Why does the memory of one road stand out more sharply than another—when pictures of so many are tucked away in one's mind? Probably in this case it is the associations going back through many years. For my first drive into the country out of Monterey—more than forty years ago—was over this road.

¶ The family sallied forth quite agog to investigate this country new to them. As I remember, a buggy of sorts with two prancing horses was the vehicle used. We started early and drove out the Salinas road. The old road followed the same canyons that the present one used today but nestled closer to the hills and sauntered whimsically along. It was a pleasant road, dusty to be sure in the summer, and probably we would find it most inadequate for present day traffic. But baby-blue-eyes, lupine, and other wild flowers laid carpets of flowers over the adjoining fields as they do today, and one journeyed along slowly enough to get gorgeous tapestry effects and delightful odors.

¶ On this first trip we drove to the Salinas Valley and then turned up a road which followed the banks of the river. Within a couple of miles we found a road turning back in the direction of Monterey—a road with such a different temperament from the ones we had just left. Up Pine Canyon it started. A new sort of pine we found growing here, the Digger Pine. Probably it was to this storehouse that the Monterey Indian came for his pine nuts. I have only a memory of a steep climb, of getting out at times with the Sister and running ahead—was it for our own fun or to lighten the drag on the horses?

¶ Over the top of the mountain on to the grassy sloping fields we finally came and began our drop into Corral de Tierra Canyon. Somewhere along the way, of course, we had a picnic lunch.

¶ The plan had been that we would find a ranch house where we could get lodgings for the night. But ranch houses seemed far apart, and certainly it was high time to think about resting the horses. Toward dusk a cloud of dust approached us rapidly, brakes creaked. "What in the world are you doing here," hailed a hearty voice out from the center of the dust. "Turn right around and come home with me," it straightway ordered. The owner was Mrs. Underwood, old-time rancher of Corral de Tierra.

¶ Mother politely demurred, to be promptly overruled. We turned around, for a short distance retraced our path—at a much faster clip than we had been travelling all day—then turned into a ranch road. Eventually we came to a roomy ranch house, with a grape-covered arbor as an approach.

¶ Mother was appalled to think of a family of four descending in this informal fashion on practically a stranger—Mrs. Underwood having merely a slight business acquaintance with my Father! Also, as Mother's knowledge of farming was of the small middle western variety, she sprang from our—would it be buggy—and hurriedly offered her assistance in the kitchen, and in a murmur warned the children to keep from under foot.

MILTON LATHAM
Architect

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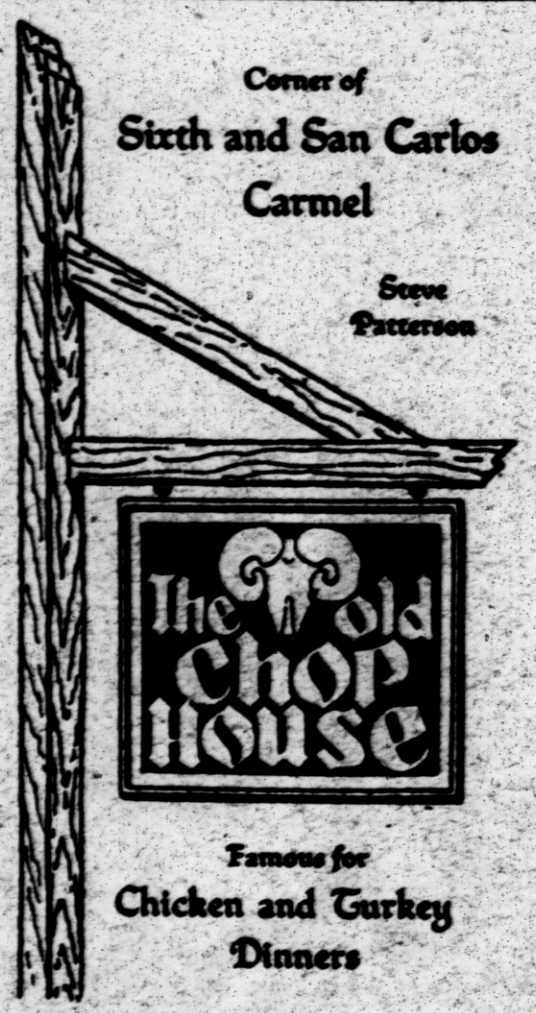

¶ Mrs. Underwood brushed away the offer,—and in much more forceful language than I was accustomed to hear my gentle Mother use, exclaimed she had not been in her kitchen in I don't remember how many years.

¶ And so I found myself visiting my first big California ranch. I don't know of how great an acreage it was composed but it must have been considerable. The proverbial California hospitality here reigned. There was a genial Chinaman in the kitchen with whom I shortly made friends. I don't know that silver lay on the table that the parting guest might have the wherewithal to travel comfortably to the next hacienda—this being common among early Californians. But certainly the filled flask, with glasses close by, was to be found in every bed room. Having arrived from dry Iowa this absolutely amazed me.

¶ In the morning when I awoke I found that my Sister had already disappeared from the bed room, losing no time in getting her first glimpse of ranching on a big scale. Was it plow, reaper or baler she was gaily helping with? From then on, whenever opportunity offered, we slipped away to these wonderful ranch homes of the friends we began to make.

¶ Do you wonder that the Salinas, Corral de Tierra, Toro, Pine Canyon drive remains an outstanding trip in my memory? And you who drive well, I urge to take it.

¶ Follow from Monterey the main Salinas Highway nine miles before turning to the right into the Corral de Tierra country. This is an oiled (dirt) road. A half-mile from the highway comes the junction of three roads. Turn down into Corral de Tierra. The other up over the grade is interesting, too. But today take my road! The oiled road lasts but a short distance and you are on a winding, rather narrow dirt road. Now numerous small ranches skirt the way until the canyon is passed. Up you go then over the rather bald mountain—and what gorgeous views! Even now I gasp as I begin the drop down Pine Canyon. It is exceedingly steep, so have your brakes in condition before you start on this jaunt. You must note the difference of this pine growing here—the Digger Pine—from the pines on the Monterey Peninsula. Down the precipitous canyon you slip to the Salinas Valley, turning down the valley road until you reach the end of the bridge on the Salinas-Monterey Highway. Then home. And you have back-trailed my first drive out of Monterey. —J. H.

❀ ❀

Owing to the departure of Dr. William I. Covault to take up practice in Los Angeles, the Red Cross first aid classes will now be conducted by Dr. Edwin F. Kehr, on the usual Wednesday sessions for juveniles and adults. Much interest has been shown in this work, and a total of over thirty have enrolled for the course.

An exhibition of Armin Hansen's etchings is being held by Miss Margaret Lial at Lial's Music Shop in Monterey. Among the etchings are "Belgian Farm," his first attempt and his last which have been shown in New York recently, namely "Journey's End," and "Stand By."

❀ ❀

A dull man is so near a dead man that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead. —SAVILLE

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Obiter Dicta

A persistent effort is being made to confuse American individualism with the doctrine known as *laissez faire*, or, roughly paraphrased, "hands off."

¶ The term chosen for especial opprobrium, in this determination to befuddle the issue, is "rugged individualism."

¶ A rugged individualist is, we are being assured, a callous, greedy, heartless person who tramples, roughshod, upon the rights of others in order to gain his own selfish ends.

¶ But here the argument takes a peculiar twist. It is usually conceded that this same rugged individualist was necessary in the development of the nation during pioneer days, and that many of the best aspects of American life are traceable to his courage, independence and thrift.

¶ It is only when the industrial era and machine production came into being, so goes the argument, that the rugged individualist was changed in character from a savior to a scapegoat.

¶ Just why this metamorphosis, is not made clear. Why the citizen who puts forth his own initiative, takes his own risks and reaps the rewards of his own industry and self-restraint, is a laudable person when he is helping to build up a prosperity, and a reprehensible one when he has something that can be taken away from him, is a contention that is not satisfactorily explained by an *ipse dixit* statement.

¶ The machine age did not spring into being overnight. It began when the first man used a stick to pry loose a stone. A decade hence our present stage of mechanical progress will probably be looked upon as being relatively as primitive as that of the men of the stone age.

¶ The possibilities that are suggested by the forces of radionic energy stagger the imagination. When science has succeeded in exploring the atom to its ultimate, mankind may laugh indulgently at memory of the talk about its "frontier" having vanished in the present elemental era.

¶ What difference does it make whether the frontier is geographical or chemical? If rugged individualism is useful in the one instance, why not in the other?

¶ However, since the adjective "rugged" has been used to suggest indifference to the welfare of the less fortunate, let us see if it is an accurate description of the individualism that has brought this nation triumphantly through 150 years of social development.

¶ Will Durant on his return from an extended stay in Russia, where individualism has supposedly been replaced by collectivism, said, in a public lecture, "The most fortunate 10% of the working class of Russia are far less well off than the lowest 10% of the working class of America."

¶ Statistics could be quoted endlessly to prove that no nation on earth has offered to its citizens opportunity to rise in the scale of material well-being as has America.

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¶ And nowhere have curbs been more vigorously applied to unbridled individual efforts that would threaten the sense of social justice than in this nation.

¶ Tariffs, banking regulations, trade commissions, building and loan restrictions, etc., are all counter to the old *laissez faire* doctrine.

¶ Our vast array of social welfare and public health measures disprove the charge that individualism, as understood in America, is utterly selfish and indifferent to the needs of the unfortunate.

¶ Our all but universal opportunities for education, even extending into the higher branches, certainly do not indicate a policy of encouraging one class to trample upon another.

¶ And last—and all-inclusive—is the item of popular suffrage.

¶ All talk about class favoritism is utter rubbish in the face of a universal franchise! When our political representatives can be voted in and out of power, it is pure sophistry to say that American individualism is the "law of the jungle."

¶ Let's be honest for a change and face facts!

¶ The world went on a big whoopee and didn't want to pay the fiddler! It indulged in a war; in a post-war orgy of inposing vengeful "peace" terms, followed by a spree of lending and spending and, to crown its obsession, tried to wave aside many of its old standards of ethical conduct.

¶ It came to be regarded as smart to break the law, to foregather with the underworld, to scoff at what have been held throughout the ages as the common moralities.

¶ Like a spoiled child, mankind wanted what it wanted when it wanted it! It wanted prosperity before it paid its bills and when it was forced to realise the impossibility of that, it turned in petulance from the obvious but unpalatable truth and cried out against a system that rewarded initiative, industry, honesty and self-restraint at the expense of indulgence.

¶ In short, we want our cake and eat it too.

¶ This depression is the crucible in which human reason is being tempered. Humanity has been jerked up short in its tracks and is being forced to take stock of itself. The sooner it gets down to that task with humility, the sooner will it work out its salvation—and it will do it on the basis of individual effort, whether rugged or otherwise.

—AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

❀ ❀

¶ "Inchling," a musical fantasy by Rem Remsen, has been chosen for the annual play by the students of the Douglas School, and will be presented for one performance only tonight at 8:00 p.m. in the boys' stockade.

¶ "Inchling" was first presented at the Forest Theater and was written here in Carmel. Remsen wrote the play and was assisted by Irene Alexander in composing the lyrics. The music is by Thomas Vincent Cator.

¶ In the cast are Sally Warner, Mary Jane Ford, Tom Wilder, Jean Wilder, Carol Morris, Mary Williams, George Gail Anderton, Katherine Elkins, Betty Hunter, Patsy Ford, Peggy O'Mulvany, Freddy Skeetop, Stuyvesant Fish, Philip Hatton, Mary Jean Sterling, Ruth Goode, Mary Wilkins, Elizabeth Henry, Mary Morse, Audrey Ford, Polly Hunter, Win Boeing, Jane Hiscock, Glen McCuslay and Wilbur McCuslay.

¶ The orchestra is composed of Molly Murphy, Preston Search and Arthur Gunderson. Dances are by Ruth Austin and the settings are by Richard and Rhoda Johnson.

The play has been very ably directed by By Ford.

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The Professor's Note Book

The familiar bark of the sea lion or sea bear at this season of the year reminds us that there are two species of this beast along our coast. The black or California sea lion is at home between the Farallon Islands and Central Mexico, while Steller's ranges from Bering Sea to Southern California. The males of the first named type occasionally weigh 1000 lbs., the females 700; Steller males may weigh a ton, with half this weight for the females.

¶ A fairly recent survey indicates that the California coast is the home of at least 6000 Steller sea lions, and about 1000 of the black form. It may be added that the term black is really a dark brown when the fur is wet, while that of Steller's is a light gray.

¶ Although these animals may occasionally "haul out" and take up positions on rocky islets, the greater portion of the time outside of the breeding season is spent in the water. Here they capture various types of fish and squid, or they sleep as they float, or the females may form "rafts" when a dozen or more may be seen floating lazily with occasional lifting of a flipper as they shift positions.

¶ There are approximately thirty stretches of the California coast where breeding rookeries are established. Here in the early summer the males repair, to be joined later by the females. It may happen that one male may take charge of several females and viciously repel the sorties of other males, or, again in other localities, there may be a general mingling with little rioting.

¶ One of the most interesting sights at this time is the young pups learning to swim, for learn they must or drown. A few days after birth these youngsters venture into shallow pools, paddle in them "dog fashion," often sinking beneath the surface to reappear with gasps and nasal spurts and a mad scramble to a place of safety. But practice makes perfect, and in a few days they can play tag with their fellows, dodge the yearlings who attempt to duck them, and by fall they are able to ride the waves like experts.

¶ It is often claimed that the sea lion is a menace to the fishing industry and should be exterminated. The evidence for this statement is meager indeed. Moreover, it is a suggestive fact that fifty years ago there were many times more sea lions than at present. Thousands were slaughtered for their oil, and, moreover, fish were abundant. If the fish harvest today is becoming scanty, there is a strong probability that commercial fishing is responsible and that this is another of many cases where man is his own worst enemy. —PROF. HAROLD HEATH

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FIFTH & SAN CARLOS

The following is a list of the Carmel Art Association in the Carmel Art Gallery exhibition of water colors from May 15 to June 15, 1934:

1. Winter Landscape, *James Fitzgerald.*
2. Mountains, *John O'Shea.*
3. Land of Smokes, *John O'Shea.*
4. Fisher Harbor, *Armin Hansen.*
5. Broadside On, *Armin Hansen.*
6. Stranded, *Armin Hansen.*
7. Carmel River, *Paul Whitman.*
8. Old House, Monterey, *Paul Whitman.*
9. In the Barn, *Paul Whitman.*
10. Carmel Beach, *Homer Levinson.*
11. Magnolia in Moonlight, *Henrietta Shore.*
12. Cathedral Rocks, *Wm. Watts.*
13. California Wild Flowers, *Laura Maxwell.*
14. Marine, *Edith McQuire.*
15. Spanish Church, *Rowena Abdy.*
16. Marble Bridge, *Wm. Watts.*
17. Old Saloon in the Sur, *Burton Boundey.*
18. Transition, *Julie Stohr.*
19. San Juan Bautista, *Rowena Abdy.*
20. French Street, *Julie Stohr.*
21. Evening in the Dune, *Burton Boundey.*
22. The Summit, *Stanley Wood.*
23. Monterey Pine, *Percy Gray.*
24. Leaf-Shadowed Rocks, *Paul Dougherty.*
25. Still Life, *Rowena Abdy.*
26. Tall Pines, *De Neale Morgan.*
27. Capri Marine, *Wm. Ritschel.*
28. Capri Walls, *Wm. Ritschel.*
29. Capri, *Wm. Ritschel.*
30. South of Carmel, *Percy Gray.*
31. Yosemite Valley, *M. N. Levick.*
32. Marine, *E. M. Heath.*
33. Dogwood at Mirror Lake, *Laura Maxwell.*
34. Old Sycamore, *E. Cheney Brown.*
35. Chrysanthemum, *J. M. Culbertson.*

❀ ❀

There will be a meeting of the members of the Carmel Art Association Friday afternoon at four o'clock in the Gallery on North Dolores Street. Plans for the coming summer will be discussed and future exhibits outlined. At present there is a fine water color exhibit which includes many notable pictures by outstanding local members of the Association.

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In the first part of the second round at the finals of the Pacific Association tournament, in San Francisco on Monday of last week, Bob Dalton, 16 year-old Carmel featherweight, knocked out Harold Toussint, thereby winning the championship of northern California.

¶ Dalton will next meet the champion of the southern part of the state on June 11, and stands a good chance of winning the state title according to his handlers.

❀ ❀

Responding to a challenge from the Pacific Grove girls' baseball team, sponsored by Pease the Druggist, Carmel feminine athletes are getting a team together and showing the Grove girls a thing or two.

¶ Women players who desire to enroll now may learn further about the plan by telephoning Carmel 756.

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Dame Gossip

Mary Pickford, famous American actress, has graciously accepted Mrs. Sidney Fish's invitation and will attend in person the barn dance to be held at the Old Monterey Polo Club Saturday night.

¶ More than 200 tickets have already been sold and the committees have been working hard to assure a good and amusing time for all.

¶ Added to the long list of attractions is a floor show at which several well known artists will entertain with Spanish dances.

¶ The dance is being given to raise funds to send the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Monterey Peninsula Post of the American Legion to the State convention to be held in San Francisco in the near future.

¶ Tickets and reservations for a table, if one is desired, may be had by getting in touch with V. V. Adams of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce.

A group of friends devoted to music were entertained by Mrs. Millicent Sears last week, at her Carmel Highlands home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William B. Green of New York, Mrs. T. W. Van Ess, Dr. R. M. Hollingsworth, and Mrs. Samuel Ethridge.

❀ ❀

A delightful dinner party for nine was given at Peter Pan Lodge last week end, with Mrs. Frederic Blanchard as hostess. Guests were Mrs. Agnes L. Purdy, Dr. Florence Belknap, Judge Mary Bartelme, Miss Adeline Bartelme, Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Koepp, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lee.

❀ ❀

A health expert points out that those people who have cold baths through the winter seldom have 'flu. No, but they have cold baths.

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Political Brevities

Announcement of his candidacy for the office of Coroner and Public Administrator of Monterey County has been made by Victor J. Barlogio. He was born in Salinas forty-two years ago and has been there ever since. During this time he has served in various official capacities, namely, Councilman, Police Commissioner, and Fire Commissioner of Salinas, and now occupies the office of Mayor of Salinas.

RAY BAUGH
Incumbent
for
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

George · W · Holm
for
County Tax Collector

ROBERT · A
STIRLING
Candidate for
Treasurer of Monterey County
20 years Supervisor of Monterey County
6 years Postmaster of Castroville
"STANDING FOR STABILITY"

¶ Sheriff Carl H. Abbott, who was born and raised in Monterey County, has announced his candidacy for re-election. According to his friends, Abbott, during his eight years as Sheriff, has gained the esteem of the citizens of this county and of hundreds of peace officers of the Western States, as well as of federal law enforcement officials. From 1906 to 1918 he served as a United States Forest Ranger. He has also been a city marshal and tax collector. He is said to have been considerate of those with whom he comes in contact in criminal and civil matters.

❀ ❀

¶ Walter R. Tavernetti, incumbent, has again tossed his hat into the ring for the office of County Assessor. He has been an efficient, hard-working and economical official and his assessments have at all times been fair to all property owners, his friends state.

❀ ❀

¶ Many years' experience as Justice of the Peace of Monterey Township qualify Ray Baugh to fill, his friends declare, the position for which he has announced his candidacy. The public who make use of his court, as well as the attorneys who appear before Judge Baugh, endorse his candidacy for re-election to another four-year term, it is said.

❀ ❀

Miss Hallie Samson has as her guest at Trail's End, her summer cottage, her sister, Mrs. A. A. Grantham of London and Hongkong. With Mrs. Charles Kelb and Mr. A. C. Lafrenz, they recently visited Tassajara Springs.

Re-elect
Howard · F · Cozzens
County Surveyor

Vote for
"VIC" J.
BARLOGIO
for Coroner and Public Administrator

W · C · THEILE
Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

RE-ELECT
JAMES · G
FORCE
Superintendent of Schools
27 years continuous service as teacher, principal, superintendent in California schools

¶ Howard F. Cozzens, Monterey County Surveyor, has made announcement that he will be a candidate to succeed himself at the August Primary election. Cozzens is running on his record of nearly twenty years of efficient service.

¶ Since 1915 Cozzens has been the engineer of Monterey County's road system, and has seen miles of hard surfaced roads grow from none since that time. If reelected, Cozzens states he will continue to work with everyone concerned to help make Monterey County's road system the foremost in the State.

¶ James G. Force, who for twenty-seven years has been engaged in public school work, and for the past thirteen years served in the office of County Superintendent of Schools, has announced his candidacy to succeed himself. According to his supporters, he is said to be one of the best informed men in the state on school law and on school administration. Mr. Force states that he rests his candidacy on his many years of capable, efficient, and successful service, and he is happy to say that during the

past five years of great financial distress, the schools of Monterey County have been able to maintain a regular normal schedule.

¶ Mr. Force states that he has been particularly interested in Sunset School, endeavoring at all times to cooperate with the School Board.

ELECT
Howard D. Peters
for
COUNTY SURVEYOR

Vote for Eugene A.
O'GRADY
for
Sheriff of Monterey Co.

ELECT
Joseph E.
MITCHELL
Sheriff
of Monterey County
CAPABLE AND RELIABLE

Russell W. Giles
for
COUNTY TREASURER
Elect
A Monterey Peninsula Man

WALTER·R
TAVERNETTI
Incumbent
for
ASSESSOR

Vote for
J · E · Steinbeck
Incumbent
FOR COUNTY TREASURER

Retain
Harry · L
Noland
INCUMBENT
District Attorney
of
Monterey County

ANNA E. JOHNSON
Incumbent
for
County Auditor

Re-elect
C. F. JOY
Incumbent
for County Clerk

CARL ABBOTT
for
Sheriff
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ON MY
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CARL ABBOTT
CARL ABBOTT

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